Elliot Silvestri



Milk Fever: Denial

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An Adult Nursing and Lactation Erotica Story

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Smashwords Edition

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Milk Fever: Denial

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Chapter One

The first week of Skip going back to college was the hardest. My job didn't change, but his schedule did. I was forced to humiliate myself and buy a decent breast pump because he wasn't around enough to nurse from me and relieve all the pressure and soreness from my milk. Being full of milk made me horny, but it hurt.

Luckily he was taking an Intro to Organic Chemistry class. That was a saving grace. It had been years since I'd been in a classroom, but since that was what I had my degree in, I told him I could help him study.

Helping a lover study in college is more fun than helping a boyfriend study in high school.

I was in a relationship that I didn't want to be in, but I was loving all the benefits. No, I didn't want a boyfriend, but yes, I did want someone to fuck and suck me. No, I wasn't looking for someone twelve years younger than me, but boy did he have the stamina to make me cum and cum and cum again. No, I wasn't going to stay with him forever, but hell yes I was going to keep fucking and sucking him for the time being.

That was the problem. How long was the time being?

I was working twelve hour shifts four days a week and he was back at college, sophomore year. He should have been studying during the day and partying at night. Instead, he was studying during the day and spending way too much time at my place at night. Or in the morning, or whenever I had a day off. I knew I was adversely affecting his grades, but between his mouth and his cock, I really didn't care. He had his daddy's money and car and who knows what else. He'd be fine.

He even had the key to my house which I knew was a stupid thing to give him, but since his cock had been in my pussy, it didn't seem to be that big a deal to give him my key as well.

Third week into his semester and I came home on a Wednesday night to find him in my kitchen doing a really bad job at making spaghetti and meatballs (frozen meatballs that only had to be microwaved). I mean, how do you fuck up spaghetti and meatballs? Literally boil water, warm the jar of sauce, nuke the meatballs.

How did he fuck that up? He overcooked the spaghetti to near-mush, added water to the sauce (?), and under-nuked the meatballs. They were still frozen in the middle.

“Sorry for the lousy meal,” he apologized as we cleaned up his mess after attempting to eat at least some of what he had made.

“You’re going to need to do better than that,” I said, indicating the remains of the so-called food in the trash, “if you want to keep getting in bed with me.”

“I will,” he promised.

“And I need to see your quiz score,” I said firmly. “Otherwise you’re going home with no milk and no pussy.”

He froze but then reluctantly went to his backpack where he had slung it onto my couch when he had walked in. Right away I knew he hadn’t gotten a perfect score because Skip is a terrible actor. I was worried because I wanted my tits sucked and if he had done well I had promised him full service. I didn’t want to use the breast pump tonight but neither did I want to reward him for something he didn’t earn.

The quiz score wasn’t great. It was passing, but only just barely. Ten questions and he got seven right. I sighed. “All that studying we did together and this is the best you can do?” I asked him in the resigned voice of a tutor severely disappointed in her student. I actually was disappointed because I had spent a lot of time working with him on the exact content in front of him.

“In my defense, it is a passing grade, and further, half our time studying is done naked and me sucking on your tits.”

There was truth to what he said. In fact, what he said was one hundred percent correct. It was still frustrating. He would be rewarded, but only just.

I started unbuttoning my shirt. “It’s passing,” I admitted. “You can have my milk tonight.”

He looked toward the bedroom.

I sat down on the couch.

“Here?” he asked.

“Yes. Do you think you’re getting something other than milk?”

He sighed but laid down on the couch with me. I carefully arranged a pillow in my lap and he put his head on it while I unhooked my bra and freed my full breasts.

They were full. I could feel the milk wanting to escape.

Skip got right to work. He knew the routine. I needed it as much as he did, and since milk was his reward for a job well done, this was a special bonus for him because I had tied my milk to his chemistry grades. Still, I needed to be drained and I was going to cum from it, so why not allow him to do the work? He was much better than a breast pump.

As soon as he latched on, I could feel milk start to flow. There was no way to stop it. I should have left one cup of my bra on, but I liked to be free, especially now that my tits were larger, swollen with milk all the time. While Skip eagerly drank from my right breast, I watched as my left nipple steadily dripped milk. It got in his head and then slid down his forehead to soak into the pillow. I could have pinched the nipple to stop it, but I didn’t want to. I like the milk flow and the more that ran out, the less that Skip would have. That was part of his punishment.

I wasn’t going to stop him until I came. I knew I was going to cum. It had been a day since he had drained my tits and I needed to let my milk out and cum. The orgasms helped, both with my mental health and with making more milk.

It was a wonderfully vicious cycle.

It was easy to let him take control off my tits and make me cum. I wanted to cum so there was no problem in the process. Since we had fallen into our pattern, it was easy to let my body do what it needed. I was pleased with how quickly I came because normally that meant more orgasms for me. I was going to have a couple more before we were done, but he wasn’t going to get any.

My body was so well-trained at this point that I just needed him to nurse from me for a few minutes—and he knew exactly how to suck on my nipple to draw out the milk while making it feel ecstatic—and I could cum. I let myself cum. I

don’t know why anyone would hold back from an orgasm. It feels so wonderful that denying it should be a crime, a sin, a betrayal of humanity.

It only took five minutes from the time I bared my tits to my first orgasm. That was about average.

“Switch,” I instructed him after I came. He would have responded to a gentle nudge, but I was very audible in my orgasm, and I couldn’t just shut up after that.

Moving smoothly, Skip lifted up his chin and released my right breast for my left. It was always easier for me to cum from stimulation on my left side. I have no idea why. Plus, my body was already primed for orgasm, so it took less than five minutes for him to get me off a second time.

As he nursed on my left, my right dripped, slowly and erratically, but it was mostly empty by that point so it didn’t soak the pillow. It did get his shirt wet, but I didn’t care about that.

After I peaked the second time, took my right breast in hand and squeezed it, partly for the stimulation and party just to spray my milk all over Skip’s chin and neck and shirt. I liked marking him that way. Plus it felt great to force out my milk.

“Good?” he asked me when I was done cumming.

“Very good,” I complimented him with a light kiss on his lips. They were sweet from my milk. Deliciously sweet.

“Can I…?” he cautiously asked.

The answer was no because he hadn’t earned any special treat. I glanced at his crotch and could see the bulge of his hard cock inside his jeans. He wasn’t going to get to use it no me, but that didn’t mean he couldn’t cum.

“No, you can’t fuck me,” I said as I pushed his head off my lap and experimentally spread my legs. I was wearing a loose skirt. The idea was to let a little air down to my hot and wet pussy. Nipple orgasms are great, but I couldn’t deny myself a clitoral one as well, not when I had a willing boy ready to serve my needs.

“But—” he started to protest and then silenced himself as I lifted my ass up off the couch and yanked down my skirt and thong. I was wearing thongs way too often to work. There wasn’t anything wrong with it, but it seemed dirty. That’s probably why I was doing it, not because I felt like a wanton slut all the time when I was walking around the chemical plant with milk-filled tits.

I parted my thighs again and he stared at my pussy. I wasn’t into heavy grooming of pubic hair, but I had trimmed and shaped mine so it wouldn’t be exposed by my increasingly smaller thongs. It was a strange thing to do because the only person who ever saw me in a thong besides myself was Skip, and he usually only gave it a cursory glance before ripping it off to fuck me.

“Can I…?” he asked again, thinking I had changed my mind.

“No, but you can eat me out. Make me cum again and maybe I’ll change my mind.”

That was a lie. I was lying to my lover. I wasn’t going to change my mind, but that was part of his discipline. If he wanted to fuck me he’d have to be bringing home at least Bs on his quizzes. A barely passing C would only get him a drink of my milk.

Skip didn’t need to be told twice because he was a horny young nineteen-year-old boy. He got down on the floor, kneeling between my planted feet, and pressed his face to my pussy.

As I slid down on the couch to give him easy access to my sex, his tongue licked up along my slit and found my clit. I gasped in delight. For a young boy he knew how to please a woman. I had done an excellent job of teaching and training him. Whatever woman he wound up with should send me a thank-you note for all my hard work.

It was hard to keep my thighs splayed open. They wanted to close on his head. Skip was a strong young man and used his hands to keep me opened up to him. I liked the little struggle we had going on. It made him work harder to please me and he should work hard to please me.

As I approached orgasm I could feel my milk welling up again. There was no way to stop that. Just before I peaked I looked down at my tits. They weren’t exactly spraying milk everywhere, but it was damn close. The way it flowed out

of me was more like a gentle river. The thin, white liquid slipped down my breasts to my tummy to slide off my sides or, for a lucky little bit, to mix with the top edge of my pubic hair.

This did not go unnoticed by Skip. He left off my clit—which was a relief because my entire pussy and lower body was tingling with energy—and sucked the little bit of milk out of my hair.

“You’ve been a good boy,” I complimented him.

“So can I—” he asked eagerly.

“No,” I quickly interrupted. “But you can take out your cock and I’ll watch while you jerk off on me.”

He was clearly disappointed. “But…”

“Bring me a B or better and maybe then your cock can find its way back into my pussy.”

Falling back on his heels, he looked up at me in disappointment. I closed my legs and looked pointed back at him. “Or you can go home and jerk off there.”

There’s something sexy about a fit young man jerking off in a little sex show for my amusement. It was hard on me too—I had to hold back from abandoning my strict discipline and not grab his cock and guide it into my pussy—but I persevered.

It didn’t take Skip long at all. His cock was hard when he got it out of his jeans. It was beautiful as always. His hand was busy on his shaft. Already the head was shiny with precum. It was almost over too quickly. The little ropes of white cum arced up into the air and splashed down onto my thighs.

“Go get a washcloth and clean me up.”

He nodded and got back to his feet, awkwardly pulling up his jeans and shoving his cock away.

I allowed him to spend the night, but I put on a pair of plain white cotton panties. He could have my tits anytime he wanted that night—and I woke up in the

middle of the night with him sucking happily on my nipple—but my pussy was off limits.

Everything was perfect.

I knew it couldn’t last.

I was right.

I hate being right sometimes.

Chapter Two

We spent the next two evenings working on his deficits in the chemistry class. I would quiz him on the material and if he got a series of questions correct, I would allow him to nurse for a minute. More questions right, more milk. It paid off for the both of us. I got a bunch of pleasant orgasms and he got a perfect score on his next test.

Skip appeared at my door, actually ringing the bell instead of just walking in. He had his test paper pressed up against the glass of the storm door, smiling smugly.

“What do I get for an A?” he asked through the door.

I opened it for him. “Whatever you want.” I hoped that whatever he wanted was what I wanted as well.

“I want you.” He advanced on me and I slowly backed away. I slowly backed away toward the bedroom.

“Is that all?”

“All of you.” He took off his shirt. I couldn’t help but admire his smooth, hard chest. I kept my clothes on. He was going to have to work for his reward.

“What parts of me?” I hesitated at the doorway and kicked off my shoes.

“All of you,” he repeated. He wasn’t good at flirty seduction. “Your body. Your mouth. Your ass. Your pussy.”

I put my hands to my tits. Their weight surprised even me. I had been forced to start wearing stronger bras to keep things under control I was even using nursing pads now to prevent unsightly leaks. Normally it didn’t happen at work, and often at work I was forced to wear overalls when I went on the plant floor, but it paid to be safe rather than sorry and embarrassed and feel like I had to explain why I, a single woman with no children, was producing breast milk.

“What about my tits?” I asked him saucily. I had been working on my saucy tone. I was getting good at it.

Skip grabbed my wrists and pressed me up against the wall, while kissing my neck. I didn’t resist. I didn’t want to resist.

“I want your tits too,” he mumbled into my neck.

“I thought you wanted my milk. Don’t you want to nurse from my tits and drink all my milk?” That’s what I wanted. I really didn’t care what he wanted because I needed him to nurse from me. That’s exactly what he was going to do because I wanted it, good test score or not. He was going to make me cum from my tits and be happy with it.

Only then maybe I’d give him a little more of my body.

“I want your milk,” he said, opening up my blouse and immediately found he was stymied by my bra. It wasn’t sexy but it was supportive. It had six hooks in the back that would stop even the most determined of horny teenagers. He tried stuffing his face down in my cleavage and then pulling on the straps, but some things have to be done the proper way.

Pushing him away was just as painful to me as it was to him. “Let me do it,” I said in frustration. I artfully dropped my blouse to the floor and pulled down the bra straps and the cups.

Right away Skip wanted to latch on but I wanted the bra off. They can be wonderful devices to give a proper shape and support when needed, but I didn’t like wearing them a minute longer than necessary. Showing that I was still talented and limber, I reached behind my back and managed to free the half dozen hooks with one deft move. The moment I was free of the bra, Skip was all over me.

That was good.

I wanted him all over me.

We stumbled to the bed with him constantly trying to latch on while I kept him at bay until we settled down together. Once he latched on and started sucking I felt the wonderful relief as the pressure decreased and the endorphins rushed around my head. I could feel the milk rushing out into his mouth, coating his tongue, and being swallowed. I loved it when he swallowed; it caused shivers to go up my spine.

The one thing that I didn’t like about nursing Skip was that my free breast would always leak. Sometimes it was sexy to see my ilk flowing freely from my nipple.

Other times it was annoying that I was losing that milk to no good purpose. Occasionally it was just terrible because I wanted to share it.

Maybe I needed to have to breast milk-loving lovers who would nurse from me in tandem.

I had started pressing a cloth to my breast to soak up the waste. I liked it when I was worked up and Skip or I would pinch the nipple tightly to stop the milk loss. This time I had a different idea.

I hoped it was a motivator for Skip.

As he was gone happily nursing away, eyes closed, I reached to the table at the side of my bed and found my breast pump. It was one of the fancier models so I could just use one of the collection cones and bottles. I'm not sure if Skip noticed when I put it to my leaking breast, but he certainly heard it when I turned it on.

The buzz wasn't loud, but it did alert him. Skip's eyes snapped open and he turned his head to see what his new rival was doing.

"What the fuck is that?!" he protested.

"Just a breast pump," I said casually like I was identifying a bird outside the window. "I'm tired of making a mess of my sheets."

The pump worked on a steady rhythm. It wasn't nearly as good as Skip's mouth, but I didn't tell him that. I was always fascinated by how it pulled my nipple forward and extracted the milk, then released and allowed the milk to drip down to the bottle.

I'll admit it. I had used the pump a couple of times when Skip couldn't come over and service me. I had enjoyed it. It was sort of like masturbating with vibrator. Fun and different and somehow easier than having a partner, but not something I would use all the time to perfect exclusivity.

Seeing that he was something else to worry about other than getting good grades in chemistry if he wanted steady access to my tits and milk, Skip got serious about nursing. He doubled his effort in pulling out the milk and I loved it.

Having a buzzing pump on one nipple and his aggressive mouth on the other, I had the most wonderful orgasm. My body faintly shook with the pleasure.

After it was all over, Skip started to move to my breast that was covered by the pump.

I pushed him away.

“What?”

“I think I’m empty on both sides,” I told him, showing how the bottle was mostly full.

He stared at it for a long moment after I turned it off. “There’s not much there,” he commented.

“About four ounces.”

“Did I get the same from this side?

“Probably.”

“It feels like more than that.”

I shrugged and unscrewed the bottle from the collection cone. “Do you want to try some?”

He blanched at first, but then realized he had been drinking my milk directly from the source and this was not really different. After taking the bottle from me, he hesitated a moment, and then sipped carefully. His eyebrows went up in appreciation. “It’s...different,” he decided.

“It’s exactly the same as what you got directly from my boob.”

“But not as warm. And it’s less fun to drink it this way.”

“Be happy I let you have it,” I reminded him.

“And yet I got an A on my test, so I get to fuck you now,” he declared, hopping off the bed and stripping down.

I liked watching Skip undress because of the beautiful sight I was given when he was done. His body was perfect, muscular without being huge, and his cock hung warmly between his legs. He wasn't hard, not yet, but I was going to help with that. I liked it when we first started fucking and sucking when he would get hard just having me near, but that was never going to last.

When he was done stripping—a process that was far too short— he looked at me looking at him. "What?" I asked.

"You still have your pants on," he complained.

"So?"

"I'm naked and I want to fuck."

"So take them off me."

In my opinion, it was a treat for him to get to take off my clothes. He wasn't very good at it, but he needed to be trained. Silly boy left on my thong when he pulled down my pants. Or maybe that was intentional. By the time he peeled off my thong with my legs in the air, the garment was more than a little soggy.

Right away he went for my pussy, licking my labia and sucking on the clit. Fuck I loved that. It was entirely unnecessary for me. I was wet and ready for him, but like any typical straight guy, he loved eating pussy so I let him.

By the time he pulled up, I was ready for his cock. When he moved away from me, I reached down and was sort of disappointed to find that he was already hard. I wanted to suck his cock for a bit, but him eating my pussy was enough to get him hard. Either I should have taken that as a compliment because my pussy was so perfect that it got him hard so easily, or he had a serious oral fetish.

Either way I was fine, but just a little disappointed.

"Let me guide you in," I said.

He shook his head and abruptly grabbed me, flipping me over onto my belly. "I want to fuck you doggy style."

It wasn't my favorite position. I liked seeing the guy I was fucking. Call me old-

fashioned if you will, but I liked that bit of intimacy between two lovers. Still, I had promised him whatever he wanted, and if he wanted that, I was okay with it.

As long as he didn't try to put it in my ass. I was still a classy lady. Only tawdry sluts took it in the ass.

I got up on my hands and knees and pretended like I knew what I was doing.

The harsh truth of the matter was that I had never done it in that position before. Missionary, yes. Cowgirl, hell yes. Up against a wall, sure a few times. A lazy side-by-side I had done once. This was new. I was supposed to be the teacher.

I pretended like I knew what I was doing.

I think I faked it pretty well.

Reaching down between my legs was the hardest part. I was familiar with his body, and especially his cock, so that guiding it into my pussy wasn't difficult. Once he was in and pumping away, all my resistance melted.

Who could have known how good it felt to be fucked like an animal?

Well, I should have because I was basically being a cow for Skip, but holy shit! His cock managed to reach all the right spots inside of my pussy. He reached around my body and pinched my nipples and played with my tits. Milk leaked out, not a lot, but enough that he kept taking his hand away to lick the milk. I couldn't help myself and squeezed what little milk I had left onto his hand.

He shared some with me and then some went to his mouth, all while he kept sliding his cock in and out of me.

The moment had me rethinking my position on sex positions.

I came first. That lesson had been easy to teach Skip. The lady always cums first. Or maybe he was just glad that I could cum and he could make me do it. I was a sex goddess compared to his previous girlfriend.

But I didn't need to think about Analise while we fucked. She was good and gone. Nothing to worry about.

I had to lock my elbows when I felt my orgasm coming. My body shook and my pussy clamped down on his cock. I was certain that I sprayed some milk as I came, but I was pretty empty so it might have been my imagination.

Although his stamina had increased, Skip was still young and untested. Once he realized that I had cum, Skip let go and flooded my pussy with his cum. I could feel every jet of his hot cum. It was scary the first time he came into my pussy. I was now on birth control—IUD, thank you Dr. Benson—but it was still risky. I barely knew Skip. He was still in college. We were unmarried. I didn't want a kid. It was crazy.

Crazy sex is the best sex.

Chapter Three

I was getting tired of finding Analise at my house.

The other times she came I confronted her at my door. This time she was waiting in my driveway.

“You and Skip broke up,” I said to her when I got out of my car. I was pissed that she was blocking my way. I also had my cell phone in hand, having already dialed 9 and 1. “There’s no reason for you to be here. Go away.”

She got out of her car, her very nice BMW that I couldn’t afford and she was driving on daddy’s money. She got out carefully and slowly. I felt like I was in some mediocre cop show. She even kept her hands in plain sight, not quite holding them up like she was surrendering, but clearly trying to placate me.

Instead it immediately made me nervous.

“I’m not here to cause a problem,” she said.

“Just you being here is causing me a problem.”

“Can we just talk?”

“No.”

That made her take a step back, and she hadn’t walked away from the car yet. She still had the door open. Because the door was open and she was stupid and she was wearing ridiculous high heels and she was stupid and she was easily surprised with the obvious answer I gave her and she had no self-awareness and did I mention that she was stupid?

Stepping back and stumbling into her car should have been the end of it. She should have been embarrassed and just left. But I wasn’t that lucky. She fell back into the car, which would have just been funny if she had only landed in the driver’s seat. But she didn’t. She did wind up in the driver’s seat, but she also hit the back of her head on the roof as she fell into the car. That would have been just an extra giggle at her predicament, but when one thing happens, events steamroll from there.

The knock to her noggin was harder than I thought. She wound up in the driver’s

seat, but maybe she was embarrassed and tried to make a getaway. I don't know. Somehow in her dazed state she managed to start the car and get it in gear, or at least in neutral.

The engine raced. She went nowhere.

Almost nowhere. My driveway is a slight slope. The car began rolling backwards down the driveway.

The door to the car was still open.

I stepped back to get out of the way. Only then did I realize that my car was behind hers.

"You're going to hit my fucking car!"

This was enough to startle her. Instead of doing something logical she instead panics and jumps out of her fucking car!

Not only was that stupid enough, she didn't bother putting it in park or turning it off.

Did I mention she was wearing high heels?

Of course she fell and somehow managed to fall halfway under the car. The driver's tire rolled up to her ankle and pinned her in place.

She screamed in pain.

I looked on impassively.

"How the fuck did you manage that?" I asked. I was rather impressed with the epicness of her fuckup.

"Get if off me!" she screamed.

"I don't think I can push a car off your leg."

"Call the cops! Call 911! Call someone!"

I thought guiltily about the 9 and 1 on my phone and sighed. We weren't up to

that level of an emergency yet.

“I suppose I could put the car in gear and drive forward off you leg…”

“No!”

To be fair, her leg was just pinned in the angle between the driveway and the tire. A little bit of determination and she should have been able to pull it out with only a modicum of scraped skin.

“Are you sure you don’t want me to call someone else? Your parents? Skip? Local television. Someone would pay a few bucks to film this.”

She looked up at me in desperation. Analise started crying. “Just get it off me,” she begged while sobbing. Tears were running down her cheeks.

The longer her leg was pinned the worse it was going to get. Even calling 911 was a risk.

I sighed. “Okay. But you owe me a huge favor.”

“Please…”

I climbed into the car over her trapped body, glad that I wasn't wearing a skirt. It was simplicity itself to put the car in gear (and she let out a loud whimper at that) and drive forward all of six inchest before putting it back into park.

“Okay?” I asked her.

She was still sobbing. “I think it’s broken.”

“Maybe. It’s probably just sore.” I looked at her ankle. There was tire tread marks on it; I had to suppress an urge to giggle at that. It was also red and starting to swell. Maybe not broken, but maybe sprained. “Can you stand?”

“Noooooo…”

She didn’t even try. That’s the type of girl Analise was.

“How about you try?”

“I can’t…”

“Should I just call an ambulance?” I wasn’t worried about the money. I had homeowners insurance that would protect me. I didn’t give a shit if she didn’t have medical insurance.

Somehow that compelled her into action. “Fuck no! Don’t do that!” Analise struggled to her feet and I started to think that maybe this stupid crisis was over.

Nope.

The moment she put weight on her injured leg, she went down like...well, like me when I was denied Skip’s cock for a couple of days. I was turning into a slut. That wasn’t pretty.

“Okay, it looks like maybe you’re actually hurt.”

“No fucking shit!” She had tears in her eyes now. Well, she still had tears in her eyes, but these looked real. “I can’t go on another ambulance ride!”

Despite my avowed disinterest, I asked, “Why not?”

“Umm...one too many trips to the hospital to have my stomach pumped. Daddy’s getting pretty pissed at me. But I’ve stopped drinking...mostly.”

I got out of the car, stepping over her again, and knelt down to look closely at her leg. It wasn’t good.

“Okay, we should definitely have this looked at.”

She looked up at me with teary, pleading eyes. “Can you drive me to the hospital?”

I glared at her. “How about urgent care?”

The drive to the urgent care center was uncomfortable and silent. The silence got to me so I turned on the radio so as not to have to listen to Analise whine and moan about her petty injury. We should have had a lot to talk about. We said

nothing. Of course, I was pissed at her for her stupid injury and my tits were starting to get full and sore. I had to help her into my car because she couldn't walk.

Fucking pansy girl.

I even had to go into the urgent care center, get an aide to grab a wheelchair and roll her lazy ass inside the building.

Once she was there, I was done. "Well. Here you are. Just show them your insurance card and you'll be all set."

"No! Don't leave me alone," she whined.

Everyone in the waiting room glared at me, as if I, a grown woman, couldn't leave another grown-ass woman by herself.

And then I realized I was her ride home.

Fuck.

I wasn't going to be her ride home and I wasn't going to start asking about who would pick her up.

Isn't this why Uber and Lyft were invented?

"Fine. I'll wait with you. I'm just going outside to make a call."

"Give me your keys so I know you won't abandon me."

I glared at her. "No."

I turned heel and marched my ass out of there.

I should have hopped into my car and escaped. That's what I should have done. Instead I called the one person I knew that also knew Analise.

Skip picked up right away. "Just got out of class. I'll be at your place in thirty minutes."

"Yeah. Minor wrinkle. Can you come to the urgent care center on Washington?"

“What? Why? Are you hurt? What’s the matter?”

I liked the panic in his voice. It showed that he cared. Or something.

“No. I’m fine.”

“So why are you at urgent care?”

I sighed and then explained my predicament.

“I’ve seen her a couple of times on campus, but I haven’t spoken since we broke up.”

“I wasn’t accusing you of anything.”

He grunted in frustration. “Why does she want me there?”

“Apparently she doesn’t want her father to know she got hurt. Too many trips to the ER to have her stomach pumped or she had alcohol poisoning.” I added the last part on pure speculation. It sounded like something dippy Analise would do.

His frustration was obvious. “I’ll be there in a bit.”

This is the sort of time when I wished I was a smoker. I would be able to just pace around the parking lot smoking, pretending to talk on the phone, having something to do.

I still paced around the lot, I just didn’t smoke. I was too nervous to go back inside without Skip.

It took him far too long to get there. I greeted him with a kiss. That was overly emotional of me, but these were trying times.

When we walked into the waiting room, Analise was gone.

“Problem solved?” I said hopefully.

“She just got taken back to examination,” the nurse told us.

What followed was a whirlwind tour of the American medical system. Two short hours later we were out of the building with a brace on Analise’s ankle and a set

of crutches. It wasn't broken. "Bone bruise" was the layman's diagnosis.

"I'll let you take her home," I told Skip. "I'll see you...later?" I eyed them both nervously. Skip was standoffish toward Analise.

"But I wanted to talk to you!" Analise whined.

"You could have done that on the trip over here," I told her. My tits were starting to scream with pain. I was full and I needed Skip's mouth on them. Barring that, I'd deal with my breast pump and some manual masturbation. "Or in the waiting room. Or in any of the rooms we've been in for the past two hours."

"I couldn't do it then. I was in pain."

"Fucking waste of my time," I complained. "Do it now."

"I wanted to speak in private." She eyed Skip.

They were acting like eighth graders who had a mutual crush. I was fine with Skip fucking her.

As long as he kept nursing from me.

Obviously, that was a problem.

"So speak to Skip in private." I started to walk away, but she managed to catch my sleeve.

"No. To you. In private."

I shrugged off her hand. "Look. I'm tired. I haven't had anything to eat. You have an insane accident in my driveway. You made me drive you over here. My tits are screaming. All I want is to fuck Skip and have him drain my tits. Is that too much to ask?" I glared at her. "Apparently it is."

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about," she said quietly.

There was no one in the parking lot within earshot. "What did you want to talk about?" I was confused.

"Your...breasts," she said carefully, eyeing my chest.

I looked down at my mounds. I just wanted relief. “What about them?”

“Your breasts and your milk.”

“Fucking hell,” I complained. “I’m going home. Skip, drive her ass to my place. She’s got her car there. She can either drive it home or call a tow truck. I’m tired of this shit.”

While I didn’t exactly run away, I did so quickly. I settled into my car and drove home, hoping Skip was following. I needed his mouth, but I’d use the breast pump if I had to.

I didn’t want to.

He followed me. I was glad that he did and glad that I didn’t have to listen to whatever inane conversation that took place in his truck.

I got to my place five minutes before Skip. Her fucking car was still in the driveway. I parked on the street. I briefly considered getting out my pump and making her wait to talk to me, or, even better, making her talk to me while I pumped.

The pain had gotten to the point where I had gotten the pump out and was considering actually using it. A wicked thought occurred to me. Maybe I should have Skip nurse while she talked to me. That would put the both of them in their place. I was going to be in charge and she could suffer.

I’d never had an orgasm in front of someone who I wasn’t actively fucking. What would that be like?

I was interested in finding out.

Skip came into my house like be belonged there. He did. Analise followed on her crutches. He held the door for her, but didn’t help her. It was just enough to be polite but nothing else.

I liked it.

Still, I glared at the two of them as Analise hobbled over to the couch and collapsed on it like she had just run a marathon and hadn't been waited on for the past four hours. (Okay, admittedly she did get her ankle run over, but that was her fault.) I was amused that she was sitting exactly where I would sit when I nursed Skip. I didn't tell her that.

"Can we talk now?" she asked desperately, all but whining.

"No," I said curtly. "My tits are on fire and I need to get the milk out. Skip?"

He was startled when I turned on him. "What?"

I was exasperated. "I need your help. Or at least your mouth. My tits are full and I need them drained. Now."

He froze. Analise froze. Then they glanced nervously at each other, not knowing what to do.

I pushed the issue just to see what would happen, to see what I could get away with. It was wrong and it was evil.

And it felt great.

"Fine. Are we going to do this here?" I quickly unbuttoned my shirt and sat down at the end of the couch opposite Analise.

They were both still staring at me. Since I had forced the issue, there was nothing to do but go forward and go all the way.

I had been getting tired of my bras and getting in and out of them for Skip. There's some fun in stripping your lover, but after a while it gets wearying and you just start stripping yourself for convenience. I had gotten to that point with Skip, so I went out and found a solution.

Who knew that nursing bras could be so comfortable? I mean, it only makes sense because nursing mothers spend a lot of time focused on their tits and who wants them to be uncomfortable all day.

The one I was wearing wasn't exactly stylish or sexy, but it got the job done, and that was all I was looking for. When I dropped down the fabric that formed the

left cup, I could feel Analise and Skip's eyes go wide. The room suddenly became silent and expectant. Pregnant for the occasion, if you will.

I looked up at Skip as casually as I could. "I don't want to use my pump and I need your attention."

He tried several times to form words but was unable to do anything but move his jaw up and down.

"Now, Skip. Now or you and Analise can leave and never come back."

I didn't have to scream or put fire in my voice. I kept it cold. That made it scarier, I think.

Skip moved slowly, robotically. Like he couldn't believe what he was doing though he had been doing it daily for the past couple months.

"On the couch?" he asked when he approached me.

"I'm not moving. You can put your feet in her lap."

Skip had the good sense to take off his sneakers first before laying down, facing my exposed breast. There was barely enough room on the couch for the three of us, but I didn't care. That was kind of the point.

The moment his lips touched my nipple, I relaxed. It was exactly what I had been waiting for. All the stress released from my body and my milk started flowing immediately.

I noticed the nursing pad that had been stuffed in my bra was now on my knee. It wasn't soaked but only slightly damp. The pad inside my right cup was doing its job and soaking up the milk that flowed because Skip was nursing from me. It would have been quite a sight to see Analise's reaction to my tit spraying milk all over the place as Skip nursed from me, but maybe that was a second-date event.

I idly ran my fingers through Skip's tousled hair and inhaled deeply before letting it all go. This was why I was happy to get home from work. Already I could feel my orgasm slowly building. It wasn't going to happen right away, but if Analise didn't get to the point of her need to talk to me, she was going to get

to see a lot more than she bargained for.

Managed to tear my eyes away from Skip's pretty face, I looked up at Analise who had her mouth slightly open, making her look like a guppy, as she watched what I was doing with her ex-boyfriend.

"What did you want to talk about?" I asked.

Naturally Analise didn't respond. She was in shock. I liked that. It was my house and, like it or not, Skip, for lack of a better term, was my boyfriend. I prefer the term lover but I'm sure that would have been lost on Analise.

Her silence was annoying.

I snapped my fingers at her. Rude, I know, but it was my house and I wanted things to move forward. I wasn't putting on a show for her. I was putting on a show for myself. I was trying to humiliate and horrify her. And drive her away. Any and all of those results would have been good.

"What did you want to talk about?" I repeated.

The second asking managed to rouse her from her state of shock. "This," she said, waving her finger vaguely in my direction.

"This?"

"Yeah...your...breastfeeding Skip."

"I know I am." I smiled. "And it feels good. But what about this? I didn't invite you here. I'm not letting you watch for the fun of it." Okay, that was a lie. I was enjoying the moment more than I should have. "I need Skip to nurse from me. Too much milk, don't you know."

"How...how did you get that to happen?" She was still staring like a creepy pervert. I liked that.

"I seduced Skip into my bed. We fucked. He likes my tits. I started making more milk. Turns out," I smiled wickedly at her, "that he likes my milk a whole lot. The more he nurses the more I make. It's perfect."

After my little speech I had to close my eyes and focus on Skip's mouth for a minute. He was doing a good job of nursing. Usually it was foreplay for us. He'd nurse, of course, but he would also nibble at my nipples, suck hard to give me a thrill, play with my free nipple, drink the milk, jerk off slowly with his free hand. Today he was just nursing. He knew his job, that's why he was a good boy.

"But...how did you get it to start?"

I knew what she meant but I answered the question wrong anyway. "He was a horny boy working for me. It doesn't take much to seduce a nineteen-year-old boy."

She shook her head almost violently. "No. Not that. I know that. How did you get your milk to start. You have to be pregnant for that to happen, don't you?"

Every time she opened her mouth she proved how little she knew about the world. "I lactate naturally. I always have. I just make more of it when someone nurses from me all the time. And Skip and I have been spending a lot of time together. In bed." I added the last two words just to annoy her. I think it worked.

"But...aren't there ways of getting a woman to make milk without getting pregnant?"

I laughed at her. The conversation was doing sideways. I was approaching orgasm. She was going to get a show that she hadn't anticipated.

"Sure...but I don't need that."

Skips mouth was getting very busy on my breast now. I had to close my eyes and just focus on what he was doing to me. I was going to cum and there was nothing that was going to stop it.

"How do I get to make milk?" she asked plaintively.

I couldn't answer her. I loved my milking orgasms. I was getting spoiled by Skip's wonderful mouth and his need to nurse from me. I inhaled sharply once, tried to form a few words to reply to Analise, and then gave up, letting the orgasm take control of my body. I was gasping and moaning as I came. It wasn't spectacular, but it was satisfying to do it in front of the young girl.

“Did you...did you just cum?” she asked me as I pushed Skip’s face away from my large, but now less swollen, breast and gave him a little kiss on the lips. I hope that hurt Analise. She was acting like an immature and very silly girl. The kiss was sweet. His kiss was always sweet from my milk.

“I did. Thank you, Skip.” I kissed him again and then lowered the flap to my right breast. Skip moved over and got to work on my other side. My left breast I kept exposed because it was mostly done, but I wanted Analise to have to look at it while her ex-boyfriend nursed from me a second time. “Have you heard of the inter-webz?” I asked sarcastically. “Use it and I’m sure you’ll find lots of suggestions telling you how to induce lactation.”

“But...isn’t that dangerous?” she asked.

I closed my eyes and let my head flop back against the couch. “Maybe. I don’t care. No risk, no reward. Now please, my lover is nursing from me and I need to cum again.”

The silence that filled the room then was heavy. I focused on my breathing and what Skip was doing to my tits. He had reached up and was pinching the nipple of the mostly empty left breast. I like that. Maybe it was leaking all over him and he didn’t like that in front of Analise; maybe he was just saving it for later. Either way I was thrilled.

I would have been happy to reach into his jeans and jerk him off, but I was in charge of the situation and that would take away some of my authority. I couldn’t have that. I don’t know what Analise was doing while Skip and I had our time together.

I didn’t care.

The second orgasm finally got me settled to the point where I wanted to be. After I came, letting myself be as loud as I wanted because it was my own home, damn it, I pushed Skip’s face away from my breast and rewarded him with another kiss.

When I looked down the couch at Analise I found her guiltily pulling her hand out of her pants. I smirked in amusement.

“I thought Skip said you were frigid and you couldn’t cum and didn’t like sex.” I

was embellishing, but I didn’t care.

Immediately she was angry. “You said that to her you...you...you piece of shit!?”

Skip moved his head off my lap. I left my tits out just because I could. He move away in a defensive move. “It’s the truth.”

“I just saw her jilling off,” I said to Skip. “And I know you aren’t a terrible lover, so what the story here?”

I looked back and forth between the two. Analise looked guilty; Skip looked confused.

Neither said anything so I had to prompt them. “Well? Can you get yourself off?” I asked Analise. It wasn’t in my nature to be comforting and easy to talk to, but I tried faking it with her. “Some women take years to learn how to cum. Not me, but others. Have you ever made yourself cum?”

Both Skip and I were looking at her expectantly. I’m sure she was embarrassed at being put on the spot, but she had started this whole process. After too long a pause she finally said, in a tiny voice, “No.”

I sighed. “Well, you’re going to have to work on it.”

“I’ve been!” she insisted. “I know that’s why Skip left me. He wanted someone who wasn’t broken. I need to cum for him!”

Skip looked at her sadly and I could tell he wanted to cringe away from her. “That’s not why you and I broke up,” he said.

“It’s not the only reason,” she countered. “Because and I can’t cum and because you were fucking her.” She indicated me.

“To be fair, those two reasons are related,” I said.

“Plus, you’re crazy,” Skip muttered.

“I am not!” she snapped at him. “You just don’t understand me!”

How had I gotten into the position of being a couples counselor to these kids?

Fuck, life is complicated.

“Well, I don’t see a solution for you two or for you alone, Analise. Being able to cum and being able to lactate have nothing to do with having a relationship. I think your relationship with Skip is over.”

I was starting to get uncomfortable having my tits out, but I wasn’t going to start tucking them away now. That would take away my authority.

“I just want to cum,” Analise sobbed. I got the impression she cried a lot. No wonder Skip had dumped her sorry ass. “I want to lactate like you.”

Since I wanted her out of my house, I got off the couch and, walking with a confidence I didn’t feel because my tits were still out, I went to my bedroom.

I had more sex toys than I care to admit. It makes life easier when you don’t have a partner to have a good selection of dildos and vibrators. I grabbed an older one from my drawer, gave it a quick test to make sure it still worked, and marched back out to the living room, this time with my tits hidden, and handed it over to Analise.

“What’s this?”

“A vibrator.” It was clean. I didn’t feel I needed to mention that to her.

She shook her head. “I can’t use that. I don’t need that.”

“If you want to teach yourself how to cum, you’re going to need it.”

“But...I’d rather just get off to watching you nurse Skip. That was fucking hot.”

And once again the conversation took I turn I hadn’t anticipated.

“Umm...you need to teach yourself to cum first. Then maybe you can watch again. You need to leave now.”

“I don’t think I can drive…” she said. Her intentions were so transparent it was like she was treating me as a five-year-old would.

“You have an automatic,” I pointed out which was quickly seconded by Skip.

“You injured your left ankle. You can drive yourself home.”

“They gave me pain pills. It’s not safe for me to drive.”

I almost sneered at her. “They gave you ibuprofen. Go home, Analise. I want to fuck Skip and I don’t need you here for that.”

My blunt language got a reaction from her. Maybe she had hoped to prevent us from having sex, but I wasn’t having any of that.

She got unsteadily to her feet. She was exaggerating her unsteadiness. Or maybe not. I didn’t care. “If you think I’m okay to drive…”

“You’re fine. Skip will help you out. Don’t forget your vibrator.”

After Skip hobbled her down the steps and into her car, he came back and fucked me so hard that I thought I was going to pass out.

“What got into you tonight?” I asked him when he was done.

“Don’t tell Analise, but nursing in front of her was fucking hot!” He wasn’t the most eloquent of speakers, but I didn’t take him into my bed for his verbal abilities.

“Do you want to fuck me in front of her?” I asked him, mostly teasing, but a little bit serious.

“Do you?”

Chapter Four

I was getting fucking tired of my doorbell ringing at the ungodly hour of eight a.m. Naturally it was Analise at my door, because of course it fucking was. I was still checking everyone who came to the door now, but everyone was only just Analise and Skip.

She was waving happily at me through the door's glass. Skip was still in my bed. I had on my robe and nothing else. I hadn't bothered to tie it closed because it's my fucking house. At once I became conscious of what was showing because I hadn't closed the robe and made the decision not to care. I wasn't ashamed; the sad thing was that Analise didn't even notice.

I opened the door to let her in. The last thing I needed was another scene at the door.

"I came!" she crowed as she danced inside. "I came, I came, I came. It was glorious! I came!"

"I know," I said dryly. "I can see you here."

"No, no, no!" she cried out delightedly and then she flung her arms around me, hugging me tightly in a completely unwanted gesture. Before I could stop her she gave me a kiss on my cheek.

I wasn't mortified, but I was put off by her display.

"Your vibrator made me cum!"

"I'm not surprised," I told her. "But you made yourself cum. And it's your vibrator now. I don't want it back." I tried to extricate myself from her embrace, but she had crazy-girl strength.

I didn't care that we had essentially shared Skip's cock. I was happy to give her a disused vibrator, but I wasn't going to use it again after her.

"I can't wait to tell Skip!"

"Probably unnecessary," I told her.

"What's unnecessary?" Skip asked as he walked out to the living room in

nothing but his shorts.

I can't imagine what he was thinking to see his ex-girlfriend and his current lover, mostly undressed, in the living room. Maybe we didn't look like we were about to get down to business, but I wasn't sure of that.

"I came last night!" Analise sang out to him. She let go of me and danced over to him, again hugging and kissing. Again, uninvited.

"Great." Clearly Skip wasn't as excited as she was.

"What I want to know, is can you fuck me now, Skip? I know what to do. I want to do it." She glanced shyly over at me. "With your permission, of course, Lyra."

"No," I said immediately.

Skip said nothing. He looked at me and I looked back.

"Well…" he said.

"What do you mean 'well…'" I demanded of him.

"We never said we'd be exclusive…"

I wanted to hit him, but I needed someone to nurse from me right then. My tits were full and I wanted the milk out. I wanted him to get the milk out. I wanted to ride his cock and cum again after he had made me cum from nursing. If I hit him, I wasn't going to do that.

"Look, let's talk after you nurse from me," I said, gently disentangling Analise from him and drawing him to the bedroom. "I'll be in a better mood then."

"If he won't, I will!" Analise gleefully offered.

Skip and I both turned to look at her.

"What?"

To Be Continued

Preview

Margaret Over Billy 3

The moment after he had cum and Mitch had swallowed his load, Billy felt the effects of the plug in his ass. He had clenched so tightly on the metal object that he could feel the exhaustion in his sphincter muscle. It took him a moment to realize that maybe it wasn't just Mitch's fellatio abilities but the plug that had enhanced his climax.

Would he have to incorporate another piece of hardware into his regular sexual routine?

And would that be so bad?

After Mitch finished swallowing, Kimi gave him a kiss. An engaged couple kissing wasn't unusual, what was strange about what Kimi was doing with her fiancé was her apparent eagerness to taste Billy's cum, or what was left of it. Billy could see her tongue delving into Mitch's mouth. When they broke the kiss Kimi was practically smacking her lips, savoring the taste of Billy's cum.

"You could just give him a blowjob if you wanted," said Hedy. "I mean, it's like you're giving him a secondhand one as it is."

"I don't particularly like the taste of cum," said Kimi.

"Then why are you kissing my boyfriend after your fiancé just sucked him off?"

She smiled and shrugged her shoulders. "Sorry. I couldn't help myself. It was pretty good tasting cum, though. I hate doing all that work and getting something so blah tasting as a reward." She turned to her fiancé. "What did you think of his cum?"

Mitch swallowed one more time before answering. "It wasn't bad. I need a little water, though."

"Would you do it again?" Hedy asked him.

There was a moment's pause before he answered. "Of course I'd do it again. You only have to ask."

Billy knew exactly what that foretold.

"Bend over," Hedy said to him.

It wasn't an unusual order from her, but in the context of where they were in the house's living room, Mitch naked and kneeling in front of him with the two women watching them, it was a little discomforting. Did she want to fuck him right then and there? He didn't have the particular need to fuck at the moment—after all, Mitch had just made him cum—so he had no real interest in getting pegged, but he was all too willing to do whatever his girlfriend wanted.

"Do you…do you want to fuck me?" he asked. The situation's awkwardness was compounded by the fact that his pants were tangled around his ankles.

"Well, sure, if you're offering," giggled Hedy. "But no, I was thinking I would take your buttplug out so you didn't have to go home with it in."

Billy felt like he was being placed in an untenable position. If he said no, leave it in, it would make him seem like some sort of weird sex maniac, which wasn't true, though he did like the feeling of the plug in his ass. That wasn't a surprise. He liked being pegged so a buttplug was such a tiny step beyond that.

If he said yes, he was sure that Hedy would make some cruel game out of it and force him to do something humiliating. But that wasn't so bad because as he had slowly learned over the past few weeks, he was into being humiliated under the right circumstances. To openly show his need for humiliation in front of Mitch and Kimi, people he barely knew, was not a step he was yet ready for.

So of course Hedy was pushing him to do it.

Through pure chance it was Kimi who came to his rescue. "Can I take it out of him?" she asked.

"Why?" Hedy wanted to know.

"I want to feel his smooth cock and balls," she said as she moved behind Billy and tapped him on the shoulder to indicate he should bend forward.

There was no reason to resist her guidance because it was going to happen one way or another. Billy began to lean forward. Mitch proved that he was either a good friend in the making or had been through something similar in his life, because he quickly got out of the way and pulled over the living room coffee table, giving Billy a place to brace his hands and upper body.

Kimi ran her fingers of Billy's exposed and hairless ass. She dipped them lower and found his balls, also smooth and hair free. She cupped them, rolling him manhood around in the silky sack before experimentally holding his cock. "Soft," she commented.

"Uh." Billy couldn't comment further.

"I like it when a cock is hard. It's like velvet covered steel." Her fingers moved back, found the edge of the flared base of the buttplug, and started pulling.

Billy resisted a moment before he forced himself to relax and let it happen.

There was some tugging and his unexpected resistance. Billy was used to having a smooth dildo the same diameter up his ass, not a pear-shaped plug with a handle. Eventually Kimi proved that she was the mistress of his ass and dragged it clear of his body.

Almost

He sighed when the pressure was gone, and then he realized that it wasn't completely gone. Kimi was still holding it there against his tightly puckered anus. He tensed up.

She clucked her tongue at him. "Don't do that. You know it's going back in, right?"

"Yeah…"

"So just relax then."

Hedy moved around to see what her friend was doing. "Are you abusing my boyfriend?"

"He can say no any time he wants," Kimi commented as she slowly pushed the

plug back into Billy's ass.

Once more he resisted because this was new to him and because he didn't want to be seen as just a plaything for the women. And Mitch. Or was he? Billy was confused because he liked what was happening even though he didn't have any say in the matter.

Resisting her invasion felt good up to a point and then it because both pointless and a bit painful. Once she reached that point, Billy relaxed and his sphincter opened up. This had the effect of not just stopping the plug from going any further, but actually sucking it back up into his body.

It felt good to have it ease into his ass.

"I love watching that," said Kimi, repeating the process. It wasn't exactly like getting pegged, but it was awfully close.

He didn't want them to know how much he liked it.

"I love it when men love to have their assholes fucked," Hedy said. "Let's them know what it's like to be a woman. Leave the plug in. I don't have any place to put it for the drive back to my place."

Later, when they were alone at his place, Billy had to ask the humiliating question that he hated, but he understood why she asked it. "Why did you say that me—or any man—who likes being pegged or having a plug in knows what it's like to be a woman?"

"Because I once dated a guy who forced me to have sex. No…he raped me. In the ass."

Billy didn't know what to say to that. What could he say? "Oh my god. I'm so sorry. How did that happen?"

"How do you think it happened?"

After considering that for a moment, Billy didn't have a good way of answering her. "I don't know. Probably he got you in some place where you couldn't escape and…it happened."

“Most women who get raped are raped by men they know. Dates. Boyfriends. Acquaintances. Cousins.”

He wasn’t sure why she was telling him this so he stayed silent.

“Do you think I wanted to be raped?”

“Of course not.”

“It happened.”

“I believe you.”

“And that’s why I don’t have anal sex with anyone.”

Billy figured it was a good time not to correctly point out that she had anal sex with him all the time, just with him receiving and her giving. He’d be correct. Technically correct. Being technically correct was the worst type of being correct and now wasn’t the time to have that discussion with her.

“That makes perfect sense.”

“Do you like me fucking you in the ass?” she asked him. There was only one correct answer to that question. Luckily it was easy for him to answer her.

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“It…it just feels good,” he admitted, unable to put into words the complexity that was human sexual response. It was wrong but it felt right. It was intimate and powerful and abusive and loving and erotic all at the same time all rolled up into a complex emotion he couldn’t begin to describe no matter how much he tried.

“Do you want to keep doing it?”

“Yes.”

“Good. I like making you suffer, you on your back, my cock in your ass, abusing your little fleshy manhood.”

He smiled at her. “You’re not really abusing me, you know.”

“Shh…don’t spoil the magic.”

The next evening she was over at his place with her harness and a new strapon dildo. It was bigger than the previous one she had favored using on him. It was also dark purple and while the surface had a bit of give through the scientific magic of some complex chemical creation but underneath he was certain the dildo had a center core of unbending steel.

“Are you ready to use this?” she asked him.

Billy had given himself completely over to what sort of person he was. He wanted to be used and dominated by his girlfriend. He was fine with that. While it was difficult to come to that state of mind, he was happy with it. Maybe it made him a pansy or a pussy or whatever grade school insult was tossed his way a thousand times in his childhood, but it was what made him happy now and he wasn’t going to throw away happiness for the sake of some outdated ideal of what was manly and what wasn’t.

“Yes. Is that a new dildo?”

She nodded. “Just got it in the mail. Do you want it to be just for you?”

Billy found himself nodding. “What does that mean exactly?”

“I won’t have to put a condom on it. Think of it as fluid bonding for pegging.”

That was easy for him to picture.

“Okay. Let’s do it.” Anything to tie them closer together was a great idea in Billy’s mind. He had fallen for Hedy and while he wasn’t going to blurt it out to her just then, he was in love with her and wanted their relationship to last.

“Get on your back and grease up,” she told him. “There’s just one more thing I want to use tonight.”

She had already adjusted the straps to her harness and was in the process of

putting the new dildo into place. It had a flared base so it was easy to attach to the harness. He was already naked—they knew why she was coming over—and she had stripped down to just her panties. For a woman who was sexually liberated, she wore very conservative panties to a sex date; they were bright orange but nothing more than cotton bikinis.

Her tits were nice. They were all but perfect and yet he couldn't help but stare at her artificial cock as he got onto his back, lifted up his legs, and started applying copious amounts of the slick lube to his ass, pushing his fingers into his anus to make sure he was ready.

His cock wasn't hard. It was full and swollen, but no hardness, not yet. Taking the lube on his hand, he smeared it on his stiffening flesh and then applied some more. He loved the feeling of being hairless down there. It made everything slicker and softer and smoother. The lube and his hand was making himself nice and hard.

"Let go of yourself," she told him as she knelt between his legs. She had something in her hand and Billy thought that maybe it was part of the harness.

He couldn't have been more wrong.

It wasn't a buttplug either, though that would have been nice, to have been blown by Hedy or jerked off by her, completely under her control.

"I thought I'd start you with one that's fairly easy to get off. I don't want to hurt you." She smiled. It was a malicious grin. "Not yet."

"You've already gotten me off by pegging," he pointed out to her unnecessarily.

Hedy paused with one hand wrapped around his cock. It wasn't fully erect yet, and that was good because of what she was planning. She tried to stifle her giggles, but it didn't work. The sound that she made was more akin to sniggers than full laughter, but it got the point across to Billy, which was unfortunate because it started to wilt his erection.

"I'm not talking about my new cock," she said. "I'm talking about this." She dangled the small strap in front of him. It was nothing more than some nylon webbing with a strip of Velcro attached to one side. "I was considering a nice rubber or metal cock ring for you, but I decided to start off slow and easy

instead.”

“What’s that?”

“Just a cock strap. Sort of a cock ring. I put it on like this, see?” She proceeded to wrap it around his cock once and then cinched it around his weak erection. It didn’t hurt, but he could feel it. Just that feeling alone was enough to make his mind race and his blood race to his cock. He started getting harder. “And then I fuck you. It keeps you harder.”

“I get that.”

“And it makes it harder for you to cum,” she pointed out. “It makes you last really long.”

“Last really long?”

“Yeah, so I hope you used a lot of lube on your ass,” she said as she moved in closer, pressing the head of her cock against his opening.

He felt the difference immediately. His ass automatically opened up for her invading tool, and it felt good. Firmer and smother than what she had used on him before. He couldn’t remember how much lube he had used, but it didn’t seem to matter. Everything was wonderful, especially when Hedy poured more lube on top of his cock and then grabbed it, jerking him off as she fucked his ass.

Without realizing it, he groaned at the double sensation of being used.

“You like that?” she asked him.

“Uh-huh.”

Her hand came away from his cock and then unexpectedly she slapped his hardness. The slickness of the lube gave her slap to his shaft an extra sting.

“Fuck!” he cried out.

“Oh that didn’t hurt,” she chided him. “Look how big and strong and purple he is,” she added.”

Billy, who had been laying back with his eyes closed, not looked down at his abused cock. She was right. He was bigger than he remembered himself ever being. The color tone of his cock had gone from its normal fleshy-reddish to a distinct purple. He wasn't in pain, or maybe his lust was simply masking the pain, but even if there was pain, he didn't care.

The smoothness of the dildo in his ass was a little bit of heaven. He was accustomed to being abused back there now, but this was the best pegging he had ever received from Hedy and he loved her for it.

But it wasn't just his ass or her hand. The strap around the base of his cock—she had secured it right above his balls where the shaft began—was the true source of this incremental increase in his pleasure. Billy's first thought upon realizing this was why hadn't Hedy brought out the strap earlier? She was torturing him both with the strap and by holding it back.

"You like it, don't you?" she asked.

"Yeah…" He took her hand and put it back on his cock. He could have done it himself, but that seemed wrong. She was in charge of him and it was her responsibility to make him cum. His body was hers to use as she saw fit.

She laughed in satisfaction as she masturbated him.

"All men are so easy," she commented and paused in fucking his ass. "Why should I be jerking you off while I do all the work?"

"What?"

Hedy pulled her cock out of his ass. "I mean, you have a perfectly good boner. I could ride it a while and get myself off. It's not like you're going to cum any time soon."

"You can't…you can't do that."

She did exactly that. The plastic buckles on the harness were easily disconnected with a press of her fingers. She tossed the strapon harness and dildo aside to strip away her panties. Billy looked down at his huge purple cock as Hedy climbed aboard and lowered herself onto him.

It had been weeks since they had had sex like this. He easily slipped inside her pussy and she rode him like a woman possessed. Her sudden fervor for straight sex was strange when it shouldn't have been. She must have liked it more than Billy remembered because it took her only a minute to climax.

Billy wanted to climax too but he couldn't. The strap was doing its job.

He watched in awe as Hedy trembled atop him. Ecstasy was the only way he could describe the look on her face. It was beauty combined with absolute pleasure with more than a hint of euphoric bliss.

"Maybe I should let your cock inside my pussy a little more often," she said to him when she was finally done cumming.

"I wouldn't mind."

"But I like fucking your ass too much," she quickly added. "I'm not giving that up and I like making myself cum."

With some reluctance Hedy climbed off Billy's cock and picked up her harness. Billy's hand went right to his cock. It felt strange to feel his private wooden club so hard and so well-used and not really have any control over it.

She saw him playing with himself and once again slapped his hand away. "Don't you do that," she warned him. "That cock is for me and only me." She had her harness back on and got back between his legs. Almost without thinking he lifted his knees up to his chest so she would have an easier time of pegging his ass.

"What about Kimi?" he asked. It was too forward and bold. He should have been smacked for it. He found he was disappointed that she didn't hit him again.

"She only does with you what I tell her to," Hedy replied as she slipped the faux cock back into Billy's asshole.

He groaned and realized he loved how it felt inside him. He could never give it up, not even for regular, plain old vanilla sex. Nothing was better than getting pegged by a woman who knew how to do it and loved doing it.

Her hand wrapped around his cock as she rocked her hips and made his tight ass all hers.

“Your slutty little ass loves it,” she told him.

“Yeah it does.”

“I’m going to fuck you until you cum. Does that sound good to you?”

“Fuck yes.”

She laughed at him. “It’s going to take a while.”

After five minutes he started to think that maybe he should have used more lube. When he asked her to stop and add lube, Hedy happily did so.

It felt even better after another five minutes of fucking.

They took turns switching who was jerking off his cock. It was a little privilege she gave him.

He was desperate to cum. He wanted to cum.

The strap was preventing it.

“Does it hurt?” she asked him.

“A little,” he grunted.

That made her slap his cock so hard it stung. He gasped in surprise.

“Does it hurt now?” she all but laughed at him.

“Yes.” If he was any less of a man he would have started crying.

“Good.” She pumped his ass a few more times and then abruptly ripped the Velcro free of his cock.

The orgasm wasn’t so much as an intense flood of pleasure but a painful release of sensation combined with an orgasm.

It was the worst way to cum and at the same time it was the best.

He was gasping as his spunk flew through the air and splashed down on his chest

and stomach.

“Did you like it? I know you liked it.”

Billy didn’t answer her. He didn’t want to admit how much he liked it. He didn’t want to admit how much under her thumb he was.

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